

This great medicine recovers the system after a cold, as no other

REDHEADED JOE AND QUARRELSOME TOM

Twenty-five years ago I taught school in southern Nebraska, which was only thinly settled in those days. But the few settlers were hardy men and women, living honest lives and going on slowly but steadily to prosperity, and I had a pleasant time among them.

My schoolhouse was a very primitive affair, indeed. It was small, unpainted and unplastered, but had a good floor and fairly comfortable seats, and my pupils, of whom there were twenty-five, were mostly hearty, wholesome boys and girls.

One warm day in spring I opened the windows and doors to let in the genial sunshine and was busy with my classes, when in walked a strange boy whom I had never seen in the neighborhood.

He was thickly freckled, had red hair and was poorly dressed, but was very clean. He came directly to my desk.

"May I come to school, teacher?" he asked, looking at me earnestly.

"Where do you live, my boy?" I questioned.

"Just back here by the edge of the woods," he replied.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Joe Morton," said he, adding, "We just moved here."

"Well, Joseph," said I, "you may come to school. Come this afternoon and bring all your books."

A bright look came into his face as I said this, but he made no reply and went out as unconcerned as he came.

He made a queer picture as he went down the aisle. His clothing was patched, his coat was too big for him, and he carried a large, ragged hat in his hand, but held up his head in a self-respecting way, and I felt sure that Joe Morton was good and manly, and I resolved to help him all I could.

I was afraid he might not have a very pleasant time with a certain few of the boys, for, although they really were not bad boys at heart, they were much given to making fun of any newcomer and sometimes made it very unpleasant for a boy who seemed odd or strange to them.

The leader of this set was Tom Atherton, a bright boy, but one who had very little kindly feeling for any one in school, excepting his little sister, Pearl. Pearl Atherton was about seven years old and the most beautiful child I have ever seen. Tom loved her with a love that was almost worship, but to the rest of the pupils he was something of a tease and a torment, always teasing and making fun of some one and sometimes in a most thoughtless, unkind way.

I had many serious talks with him on the subject, but as soon as he was out of the schoolroom he seemed to forget and went back to his old ways.

As Joe went down the aisle I glanced at Tom and saw that his eyes were twinkling mischievously, which I was sure boded no good to Joe; but I thought he would be able to defend himself.

In the afternoon Joe came, and, after I had assigned his lessons, took his seat quietly.

At recess I heard Tom's voice singing out:

I know a boy whose name is Joe,
Whose boots all out at the toe, too, too.

I heard no answer from Joe, and soon Tom said mockingly:

"What am I offered for the hat? Bid quick! The only one left that came out of the ark! How much am I offered? Who'll make it one dollar? Who'll make it one dollar?"

And so it went from day to day, Tom saying unkind, jeering things as soon as he supposed himself out of sight and Joe taking it quietly. Sometimes a quick flash would pass over his face and his lips would quiver, but no word escaped him.

I thought best to appear not to know what was going on between them, thinking it would soon wear itself out and perhaps Joe would feel better to think I did not know, but I kept him with me as much as I could and grew to like him very much.

He made rapid progress in his studies, and his everyday life showed strength of character.

I could always depend on him to tell the truth on every occasion, and, looking into his earnest face, I would forget the baggy clothes, the fiery red hair and the ragged hat.

Not far from the schoolhouse was a wide, deep stream of water which ran dank and turbid to the spring. It was crossed by a footbridge with a railing on both sides. Nearly half the children crossed this bridge to get to school.

On pleasant days we often sat on the bank to eat our dinner, which we brought with us.

One lovely day in early June we were seated there after eating our dinner. I was reading a book, and the children were amusing themselves in various ways.

Pearl Atherton strolled alone across the bridge to look for violets, which sometimes grew on the opposite side.

In coming back she stopped on the middle of the bridge, threw some leaves into the water and leaned against the railing, watching them as they floated away.

The railing was old and in some places had become so loosened that it gave way with her weight, and, with a piercing cry, she went down and out of sight.

Tom stood upon the bank, white and speechless, with a look of agony in his eyes. He could not swim and he could never reach her.

But at the first cry Joe had stripped off his coat and in a minute plunged in and swam steadily toward the spot where the little golden head went down.

He grasped her as she rose to the surface the second time, raised her head out of the water and slowly swam with her to the bank.

When I took her from his arms and laid her upon the grass, the beautiful face was white and still, but she had a color in the water such a short time that a vigorous rubbing soon made her open her eyes and speak to us, and she soon talking in her usual manner.

We wrapped her up as well as we could and sent her home with a neighbor who was passing in a wagon.

Joe ran home, changed his clothes and came back none the worse for his wetting.

After the bell rang I missed Joe and Tom from their seats.

"The back door was ajar, and I looked

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Trials of a Sickly Mother.



"I have brought you some Johann Hoff's Malt Extract. It built me up and it will you."

WEISNER & MENDELSON COMPANY NEW YORK SOLE AGENTS

THE drugs and medicines and "tonics" frequently taken by the sickly, overworked mother actually militate against her strength, for they do not take into account the fundamental reasons for weakness and nervousness.

It is not mysterious stimulants that will be permanently effective in helping these women through their tasks.

What they need is a constant reinforcement of natural strength.

They must have the benefit of the food they eat and they must have perfect rest at night.

The ideal strengthener and sustainer for sickly and overworked women is the genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract. In it there are no unknown combinations of drugs, but there are elements which assist natural strength in every way. For over half a century Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has been doing a glorious work in building up weak bodies. It makes flesh and blood and makes it in a natural way through the food you eat. You take it with your meals and the result is the perfect assimilation of food, so that its nutritive elements are intensified and show themselves in the strengthening work they do.

Weak and sickly women find the genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract an absolutely efficient help, and by its use their weakness is turned to strength—strength that is real strength, fortified by the rich blood of health.

These statements are so easily proven that every woman may test them for a trifle.

Insist upon the Genuine

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

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TWO KINDS OF DUTCHMEN.

Both Come in Handy, but Neither is the Real Thing.

The presence of several "Dutchmen" in the custom house building, near the foot, attracted the other day the attention of a small but interested group of observers. I was passing at the time and overheard one man say to another, pointing at the same time with his finger: "There they are, right above that corner."

I was not particularly curious, but a few feet farther on I inquired of a boy who had just come from the same source to the nature of the trouble, if there was any, and he told me that one of the men had said that there were a couple of "Dutchmen" up there. I retraced my steps and looked intently for the personification from Holland, but couldn't see anything on or near the roof, and as the men were still gazing at the building, I ventured to ask about any person being seen on the roof. The man whom I addressed I found to be a well-known architect, and he replied that he was merely pointing out to a visiting member of the craft several "Dutchmen" in some of the larger blocks of marble.

"You see," he said, "when a contractor receives a large piece of marble containing a flaw he tries to sacrifice the whole piece on that account, and so he deliberately inserts a plug in the place, the same as a patch, and when it is properly smoothed over no one but an expert can tell it. In time, however, the lines of the plug or 'Dutchman,' as it is called, can easily be seen, just as you can see those two up there," he said, pointing to the spot. I certainly felt enlightened.

By the way, policemen sometimes use another kind of "Dutchman." When at night they discover the door of a building not locked, they nail a little piece of wood on the back of the door, a foot or so from the floor, and another piece on the floor, say an equal distance from the bottom of the door. Then a board is obtained, one end of which is placed against the door which has been made on the floor, while the other end rests loosely against the back of the door. When everything is ready, the policeman gently pulls the door to the board slips under the door and the place is so securely locked that when the occupant comes the next morning he must either break in the door or get a ladder and enter in that way. So much for the handy use of Dutchmen, and there may be others.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BRUMMEL'S SNUFFBOX.

The Breach Between the Queen and His Royal Patron.

One of the most touching and in its way pathetic incidents in the drama "Queen Brummel" is in the last act when a poor, broken-down dandy hears that his old patron and prince is passing through Calais. Nervous himself with a great effort to on his part with his last remaining snuffbox, he sends it in the shape of a peace offering and token of devotion to his former royal friend.

No bigger sacrifice was possible to the actual George Brummel. In the days of his prosperity he had no greater fond than the collection of all sorts of snuffboxes. It amounted to a feet, almost to a mania, and by his exacting and good taste he passed on to his time an unbroken collection. One of his palmy days of London life was when he was among his collection one day which the regent one day admired.

"Brummel," he said, "this box is too good to go to Gray's and order my box made in it for me." Brummel, too, came and at the same time begged that the box might have a name on it.

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Brummel's change and surprise were intense, and it was this somewhat unaccountable act which first induced him to bear himself with hostility against the prince and by his own acts and foolish words to widen a breach which was to extend for years.

How Russian Peasants Live.

Most of the Russian peasants pass a great deal of their life in workshops where they work, eat and sleep, the same room sheltering a number and probably a pig into the bargain. There are few beds, instead, all around the four walls of the room is fixed what may be literally described as a bench. It is made of wood, and at this works the peasant by day and on it he sleeps by night, each man at his own spot. The conditions of the Russian workshop, or factory, and the Russian prison and military barracks, so far as interior arrangements are concerned, are alike. Chorus there will also be and tables, rudely fashioned, as a rule, by the men themselves.—Saturday Review.

Clear Case.

Again Sherlock was equal to the emergency.

"Don't tell me that you are married!" he hissed. "I see that you are only engaged."

"How do you know?" faltered the young man.

"Because every cigar you offered me from your vest pocket had been broken. If you were married, it would not have been the case."—Philadelphia Record.

His Scheme.

"So you want a general redistribution of wealth?"

"I do," answered the man with schemes for reorganizing society.

"On what plan?"

"On a plan that would enable me to get rid of a lot of things I don't want and to get possession of a number that I have taken a fancy to."—Washington Star.

Chloride of Lime.

To make chloride of lime for removing stains put one pound of chloride of lime in a jar with a quart of water. Stains can be removed from white goods by soaking them for a few minutes in a little of this, to which an equal quantity of warm water has been added. They must be looked at frequently and taken out and rinsed in several lots of water as soon as the stain has disappeared, as the chloride will burn holes in the material.

England on the Epicurean Map.

Ude, the famous chef, said that England could furnish among the rich the best cooking in the world, and the Earl of Dudley, an epicure of repute, declared that a good soup, a turbot with white sauce, roast chicken with peas, or duckling with asparagus and an apricot tart with cream could be had best in England, and even an emperor would rejoice in a dinner of these ingredients.

His One Chance.

"Goodness! I do hope our young minister won't worry that Miss Strangely."

"I don't think you took so much interest in him as to care very much."

"I'm thinking of myself, that's all. If he worries her, I'll never have a chance to talk except from the pulpit, and then we'd suffer."—Philadelphia Press.

Answered.

How can I get a boy to sing for me at a party?—Madame T. T.

Answer:—A very clever!

Another vulgar—I wish you'd throw away your liver, and then please you'd be better tempered.—London Tat.

Replied:—I'm a very clever!

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THE REPORTER'S FIRST STORY.

Secured a Success Because He Did Not Know When to Drop It.

"When I broke into the newspaper business," said the veteran New York correspondent of a big western daily, "I made a hit on my very first assignment, and, oddly enough, my success was due purely to my ignorance or my profession."

I had long had an ambition to be a newspaper man, and when I was offered a position on a morning paper I jumped at the chance. It wasn't much of a position, and for several months I hung around the office waiting for the news assignment which did not come. Now and then I would be sent out to get material for an "obit" note on somebody who had died or perhaps would have a chance at a late fire. But it was a red letter day when I got more than ten lines into the paper. Still, I turned up regularly every noon with the reporters and stood around waiting for that assignment.

One day the city editor called me to his desk and gave me an anonymous postcard which he had received calling attention to high assessments which had been put upon property in a certain street. He told me to look it up. It was one of those things where the chances for a story were about one in a million, but with that blissful ignorance which characterizes the "copy" reporter I started for the place.

Not knowing anything about the methods of reporters, I canvassed "bat street" from beginning to end—it was about two miles long—and, although I met with many rebuffs, I did get some stuff that was really good, although I did not know it at the time. When I came in, I was told to write a column and a half, and by a bit of good luck I put the story together in the proper form.

The story suggested that great abuses had been perpetrated by certain city officials, and after it was printed the next day two of the old reporters were sent out to follow it up. They came back without anything, and I was ordered out again. By following my method of the previous day I secured enough additional matter for another story, the paper opened a fight on the officials in question, and for several days that was our leading story.

"That was my start. Not many years afterward I became the night city editor of the same paper. It was ignorance—pure, unadulterated ignorance—of reporters' methods that yielded my first story, but I had sense enough to discover very soon after that the same thing would not carry me any further."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AS GREAT DESTRUCTIVE POWERS.

Anniversary of Tippecanoe. Cincinnati, Nov. 11.—The anniversary of the battle of Tippecanoe was celebrated yesterday with a very large attendance at the new tomb of General William Henry Harrison, built by the late President Harrison, at North Bend, near this city.

Hamilton Carries to Kitchener

Ice Plant Burned.—Newcastle, Pa., Nov. 11. The plant of the Lawrence Ice and Storage Company was completely gutted by fire this evening. The damage amounted to \$150,000.

USE HUMAN SHIELDS IN FLIGHT.

American Schooner Seized.
London, Nov. 11.—A Portuguese gunboat has seized the American schooner Nettle and Lottie at Horta, Island Fayal, Azores, for clandestinely conveying twenty-six emigrants who were trying to avoid military service.

Mayor Callom Says Next Congress

Frank James to Go on the St. Louis, Mo. Prisoner Train once noted that the prisoner Jesse James had a record of his own of going to the state penitentiary in Kansas for a term of five years for "stealing a horse."

CAILLARD TO LEAVE MITYLENE

mobile accident in Wa
near this city. Two
were a Mr. and Mrs. Co
York.

Friends Reported to Have Heard

Cuban Democrats Name Ma
Havana, Nov. 11.—The Dem
party has nominated General (B
me Ma) as its candidate for the
dency of Cuba.

Weather Forecast.
Fair; rising temperature;

says a writer in Ainslee's Ma-

"What are you grumblin' about?" demanded his satanic majesty. "You got lots of people here quite satisfied with you, who are perfectly satisfied with you."

"Oh, I don't mind being in a very interesting place," replied the innocent explorer. "but what I want is to go back and see my folks that I can't go back and see."

The Methods Used In That City to Protect Its Purity.

"I was talking to a man from Leipzig recently about the system of milk inspection in that city," said a well known New Orleans specialist, "and I am convinced that they have the best system in the world, and in my judgment American cities would do well to copy it. They unquestionably succeed in getting pure milk, and there does not seem to be much chance for spreading disease in this way. In Leipzig they are very careful. Stables must be kept clean. The person who keeps cows must be experienced in the business. They are particularly careful about the cows that give milk used in feeding children. In order that no mistake be made the rules governing the dairy business require the cows to be branded. The rules provide for an injection of tuberculin lymph, and the cows must be healthy and must show no reaction after the injection. This injection takes place before the cow is placed in the stable. If a cow should happen to get sick, the fact must be immediately reported, and the veterinary surgeon who has charge of this matter reports the case to the council. The sick cow is generally isolated. This matter, however, is discretionary with the surgeon who superintends the business. The veterinary surgeon has such complete supervision of these matters that he can even pass on the food given to the cows and can reject any part for all of it if he pleases. But there is another point. The person who does the milking must furnish a physician's certificate to the effect that he or she is free from infectious or malarious disease, and tuberculosis is especially mentioned in the rule. The milk is strained and centrifugally purified and must be thoroughly cooled before it is served to the customers. If the milk is sold in bottles, patent stoppers are used. All these requirements have more particular reference to the milk furnished babies. There is one thing probably more important than any other in this connection, and that is in the matter of food. Cows which give the milk used in nourishing babies are given only dry food, such as hay and meal, and they are never allowed to graze on pastures. They must be kept in the stables, and in this way the healthiest and purest milk possible is served to the infants of the country."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A paste made of soda, pumice stone and chalk cleans marble.

Charcoal is recommended for cleaning the inside of bottles in which milk has soured.

To take ink spots out of maline apply spirits of salt with a piece of rag until the ink disappears.

A white cream for greasing kid, patent leather, etc., is made of lard seventy-five parts, glycerin twenty-five parts and turpentine oil ad libitum.

To clean a glass decanter chop a large potato into small cubes, put them into the decanter with some warm water and shake rapidly until clean.

A writer who seems to know states that new shoes may be worn as comfortably as old ones if when off the feet they are stuffed to the shape of the foot with cloth or paper and sponged with warm water.

The odor of kerosene may be removed from articles that have been treated with it by first thoroughly airing them and then hanging them in front of the furnace register or any other place where there is a high, safe, dry heat.

To clean dull gold jewelry without removing jewels, etc., and without injuring either the dull gliding or the gem rub it gently with a soft brush moistened in bicarbonate of soda and water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Then thoroughly dry in pure warm sunlight.

The Separate Bedstead.

Now that we know that consumption is a disease communicable from one to another by contact and breathing the air already breathed by the consumptive the hygiene of separate beds ought to receive public recognition. In all bedrooms the heads of the beds should be an inside wall. If this cannot be arranged, then the wall and the ceiling for a space corresponding to the bedstead should be covered with a thick serge, loosely attached to the wall, to prevent the formation of catarracts of air chilled by the cold wall which will otherwise fall on the sleeper. The worst of colds are caught in this sleepway in the small hours of the morning, and many a fatal scuffle or infantile bronchitis might be prevented by this timely expedient. Remember that for very old or very young people nocturnal variations of temperature are extremely dangerous. For the same reason the bed must not be placed between a badly fitting window and the fire or the doorway.

An Odd Way to Fish.

The natives of Tutuila, one of the islands of Oceania, have a peculiar method of catching fish. At a given signal all the inhabitants of the village assemble on the seashore to the number of about 200 persons, each one carrying a branch of the cocoa palm. With these in their hands they plunge into the water and swim a certain distance from the shore, when they turn, forming a compact semicircle, each one holding his palm perpendicular in the water, thus making a sort of sieve. The leader of the party then gives a signal, and the fishers all approach the seashore gradually in perfect order, driving before them a multitude of fishes that are cast on the sands and killed with sticks.

A Prize Watch Dog.

Gentlemen—But I am afraid he wouldn't make a good watchdog.

Man (with bill terrier)—Not a good watchdog! Why, for bless your 'eart, it was only last week that this wery animal had a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail!"

Dollars and Sense.

Towne—Wasn't that Cholly Saphhead who was just talking to you?

Brown—Yes. There's a fellow who has more money than brains.

Towne—Really?

Brown—Yes. I just loaned him a quarter.—Philadelphia Press.

Vain Pursuit.

"Your husband, I believe, pursues literature for a living?"

"No. He merely pursues literature. He's never got close enough to it as yet to let anybody know what he is pursuing it for."—Chicago Herald.

Men, Women and Manners.

Professor Edwin G. Dexter's discovery that boys at school are less influenced than girls by "the attitude of the home toward educational matters," so that boys from an ill home do better than



SHE ORGANIZED AMERICANS.

President of the Society of American Women in London.

Mrs. Hugh Reed Griffin, president of the Society of American Women in London, is not only president of the foremost club for Yankee women in Europe, which she created, but she was born in Chicago and passed five years of her life there.

Mrs. Griffin recognized the necessity of an association of American women in London. She invited a few of her closest friends to "talk over" the question of forming the club. While they sipped some delightful tea Mrs. Griffin and her friends talked it over. They agreed, with enthusiasm, that such a club for American women, either living in London or visiting there, would be most desirable from both social and patriotic points of view.

These women knew that the only social link in the American colony of 15,000 persons, many of whom led rather isolated lives in a strange country, was an association of men who annually invited their wives to a bad dinner. Thereupon these six women decided to have a club of their own, patterned after Sorosis in New York, and when the committee drew up the constitution a short time after article 2 specified, "The object of the society is for the promotion of social intercourse between American women."

The Society of American Women in London is a member of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in this country. The badge of the London club is a handsome one. On the ground of white enamel, with gold border, are the arms of the city of London surmounted by the eagle. On either side are two flags, the "jack" of John Bull and the stars and stripes of Uncle Sam.

MEXICAN DRAWNWORK.

In Mexico there are many things which attract the attention of the average tourist. Of these one of the most distinctive is Mexican drawnwork. Some of this is very artistic, and the patience of the Mexican women in the production of this beautiful article of Mexican commerce is kept for this modern active world of machinery and machine made articles the only survival of the beautiful needlework of a century ago, for which the women of Europe had been noted for several centuries.

There is a very large class of people in Mexico which makes a living out of the production of drawnwork. In many of the schools, especially those conducted by the government for indigent children and those run in the interest of the Catholic church in Mexico, the art of drawnwork is taught. In the girls' home there are several hundred young girls who devote their spare time to the production of the finest of Mexican needlework.

Why the Hair Changes.

When a hair falls out, it is dead. If the true root—the papilla from which it grows—is dead also, the hair will not grow again.

Evidence points to the fact that all cases of baldness may be divided into three classes. In one a microbe destroys the connection of the hair with the papilla and thus destroys the papilla itself. In a second class the tiny blood vessels of the part are blocked—this is well seen in advanced life—and in the third class there is a loss of nervous power.

Loss of color is usually owing to changes in the nervous system. The practice value of these facts is very great. For instance, whenever gray or white hairs make their appearance it does not call for local stimulant and nourishing treatment, but for some attention to be given to the general nervous tone of the system. Quite often the skin doctor finds his best weapon is a thoroughly good bracing medicine. The three drugs iron, strychnine and phosphorus are of especial repute in this respect, but there are two "of course," one that other drugs are sometimes needed and the second that only the skin expert can decide whether the loss of color is due to local or general causes.

Women Live Longer Than Men.

In the tropics it is a recognized fact that the duration of life among women is much longer than among men, and the causes which contribute to this end seem to hold good for all climates. A well known medical expert on the subject of tropical life maintains that exposure to caloric chills, irregular meals and the frequent taking of alcohol accounts for men dying quicker in the tropics than women, who avoid all these causes. And unquestionably the same reasons have contributed to female longevity in this country. But the balance of life will be more evenly adjusted in another generation or two, since women are more and more entering into competition with men every day.—Chicago Post.

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STONE SOUP.

The Dish That Was Concocted by a Traveler in Peru.

The natives of Peru are not always hospitable to the white traveler who finds his way into their villages, and he soon becomes familiar with the words, "Manana cauchi," which mean in Quechua language, "There is none."

A certain explorer pressed by hunger and having some experience in the country stopped at the first hotel he came upon and asked its owner to sell him a chicken.

"There is none," was the sulky rejoinder.

To all his requests for anything in the shape of food the traveler received only a grunted "Manana cauchi."

"Very well," he said finally, "I shall have to make a stone soup. You can at least procure for me the right kind of stone. I want a smooth, round one, and it must be washed very clean."

Curiously and a desire to learn how to make this economical stone soup prompted the Indian to activity.

"Now," continued his visitor, "kindly put a pot of clean water on the fire and place this stone in it. I will then teach you how to make this most appetizing soup."

The host complied, and as soon as the water became hot he asked, "Is that all?"

"Nearly," replied the wily guest, "but it will be much improved if you throw in a little salt and red pepper, and if you happen to have an onion, why, it will do no harm."

Here at least was a beginning, for the desired articles were at once produced without a murmur of dissent, and the water continued bubbling. Presently the stranger remarked in a tone of indifference: "Sometimes I add a small quantity of lard and a handful of rice. You don't happen to have any?"

"Why, yes, I have," responded the interested Indian, and without delay these things also were added to the soup pot.

Just then the hungry visitor caught sight of some vegetables in a corner, and without appearing to have seen these, he observed: "When you take this soup with me, you will like it. I know, although it is a pity we could not have vegetable or two thrown in. They improve the flavor of stone soup."

In went the vegetables.

"There is only one thing lacking," finally commented the guest.

"And what is it?" asked the other.

"Well, if we had a little meat I would chop it up very fine and put it in with the rest. Then in about five minutes the whole thing would be just right, ready for us to enjoy."

Sure enough, even the meat came to light, and in compliance with the traveler's promise he and his host made a good supper on the stone soup.—Alice Le Plongeon in New York Commercial Advertiser.

Looked Worse Than She Felt.

She was richly but inconspicuously dressed and would have attracted no particular attention as she stood on the corner of Tremont and Water streets had not her face, under a white veil, been within a series of remarkable contortions. Several persons paused to watch her "make faces," and then came a feminine acquaintance.

"Why," exclaimed the newcomer, "what upon earth is the matter?"

"The facial contortions ceased and were replaced by a smile.

"With me? Nothing."

"But you looked as if you were suffering terribly."

"Never felt better."

"But your face—you were twisting it into all sorts of shapes."

The lady standing at the corner laughed and held out her hands, in each of which was a parcel.

"I was only trying," she said, "to work the effect of my veil down under my chin."—Boston Herald.

When to Use "Shall" and "Will."

"At what time shall you be at liberty?" is the correct form when you "desire information, not consent or a promise."

"At what time will you be at liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you willing to be at liberty?" In implication, it is a liberty is dependent on the will of the person spoken to. "At what time shall you be at liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you going to be at liberty?" Being at liberty is regarded as simply a matter of the future, not dependent on the will of anybody. "Will you?" expects the answer "I will," it denotes willingness, consent or determination. "Shall you?" expects the answer "I shall," it denotes fatality and nothing more.—Elizabeth A. Withey in Ladies' Home Journal.

Flashes That Sting.

The sceleria, a little six inch chub variety of the lagoons of Italy, sticks its head above the water and sings a dainty song equal to that of some species of warbling birds; Triglia hirundo (the sea swallow) is known to every fisherman of the Danube and the Rhine by the peculiar grunting noise it makes. Triglia hirundo makes a whining noise like a young puppy, while sceleria gather in bands to hold regular concerts, no doubt originating the fable of the sirens.

Apoptosis.

It was his first voyage, and he was leaning over the rail in an attitude of reckless abandonment.

"What are you doing?" some one jeeringly asked him.

"I am rendering to the sea, sir, the things that are the sea's, sir!" he gasped as soon as he could speak.—Chicago Tribune.

Oldest Secret Trades.

The two oldest secret trade processes now in existence are considered to be the manufacture of Chinese red, or vermillion, and that method of laying the hardest steel with gold and silver which seems to have been practiced at Damascus ages ago and is known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils even to this day.

Resignation.

Sid (who has been trying to open the ladder door)—It's no good, Tom. Not one of the keys will fit.

Tommy—Well, then, all we can do now is to wait until mamma comes home and ask her for something for being good boys.

The Entire Collection of Coins and Medals in the British Museum Consists of Nearly 250,000 Specimens.

A man has no business having daughters unless he can support one-in-law.—Aitchison Globe.

SUMMUM BONUM.

How blest is he that can but love and do.

And has no skill of speech nor trick of art Wherewith to tell what faith appoveth true And show for fame the treasures of his heart When, wisely weak, upon the path of duty Divine record has made his footing sure. With humble heart he builds his life to beauty. Strong to achieve and patient to endure. But they that in the market place we meet, Each with his trumpet and his noisy faction, Are leaky vessels, pouring on the street The truth they know e'er it has known its apothecary.

CUTTING DIAMONDS.

The Various Stages of a Delicate and Interesting Process.

"The diamond, when mined," said an expert, "is very often of a shape so uneven that, in preference to cutting half off and letting that part go to dust, as was formerly done, incisions are now made running with the grain of the diamond. The incision is made with the sharp edge of another diamond. The cleaving knife is then inserted and given a sharp tap, and the stone will split as the grain runs, and thus two or more smaller but better shaped diamonds are made."

"After the diamond is left it is necessary to do the rough cutting technically known as 'bruting.' This is done by affixing two diamonds on the ends of two horizontal shafts with a very hard cement. One is then rubbed against the other, and 'diamond dust' is produced. They are held over a cutting box having two iron pegs for levers and containing finely perforated brass pans, through which the dust falls, the chips remaining in the top pan."

"The stone, having been cut to the satisfaction of the master, is taken to the polishing room, where a setter selects a suitable sized brass cup, called a 'dope,' fills it with a mixture of lead and tin and melts it in a gas flame. Having worked the solder to its proper shape he places the diamond in the center, leaving only a very small part exposed. A mark is made on the solder before it becomes thoroughly set, and then the stone is passed on to the polisher. By the mark made on the solder the latter knows at once the precise run of the grain and the way in which it will polish to the best advantage on the mill."

"The first operation is the making of the 'table' of the diamond. This done, it is handed back to the setter that he may take it out of the solder and reset it for the first corner, called the flat corner. The solder is again marked to indicate to the polisher the run of the grain of this particular corner, and so the process is continued until the diamond is polished throughout. Every facet has a name, and every name denotes the grain and how to polish that particular facet. The polisher uses a circular disk composed of soft, porous iron, so that as the diamond is polished away in the form of dust it enters the pores of the iron, the result being that we have the diamond cutting the diamond again."

"Without the assistance of the diamond dust the iron would not make the slightest impression on the diamond. The polishing wheel or disk is propelled by steam power and makes 2,000 to 3,000 revolutions in a minute. Before the silently revolving disks you will see men so intent upon their work that they have eyes for nothing else; for, notwithstanding the perfection of the machinery, the skill of the workmen remains of primal importance. It is with their fingers and thumbs that they adjust the points, edges and facets of the diamond with extreme accuracy, keeping them constantly moist with diamond dust and olive oil. The thumbs of the workmen, being used continually and with much force, become greatly enlarged."

"The beauty of a cut or finished stone depends so much upon the form and position of the facets that a moderately fine stone, well cut and polished, is of far greater value than a large one less artistically worked. It sometimes happens that the lapidary receives a stone of very unfortunate shape. His duty will, therefore, be to take all possible care to preserve its size and, hiding its faults, give it such a form as shall send it forth with the greatest weight consistent with beauty and brilliancy."—Indianapolis Journal.

Explosives Made From Sawdust.

A long list could be given of explosives and varieties of gunpowder that have been made from sawdust. In some the sawdust is used as an absorbent, as with nitrocellulose, in others as a filler, while in still others it is converted into forms of pyrocellulose. By heating sawdust with caustic alkali and sulphur a brown dye is obtained, which is cheap and fast, resisting both acids and alkalis and dyeing cotton without a mordant. By heating sawdust with caustic alkali oxalic acid is formed. A large amount of the oxalic acid on the market is made by this process.—Forum.

Dust in the Eyes.

Inflammation of the eyes resulting from dust is not a serious matter, though frequently troublesome. A simple remedy is to bathe the eye or eyes first, for a short time, with hot water and then with thirty drops of goulard water mixed in half a pint of soft water. This bathing with both the hot water and the lotion should be repeated many times a day, and after the eyes are bathed they should be kept closed, or the patient should sit in a dark room.

No Model.

"I know a man whose wife never spoke a word to him about money," he said.

"What a model husband he must have been!" remarked a woman in the company.

"What a model wife, I should say, rather!" corrected a second man.

"I don't know as to that," said the first speaker. "She was deaf and dumb."—Salt Lake Herald.

He Stuck.

When Oliver Goldsmith was one day asked "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" the author of "The Good Natured Man" characteristically responded: "You are too severe. He is not a cur; he is only a bip. Tom Davies dung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

Every man is brave whose conscience is clear and whose cause is just.

Every man is a coward who has a guilty conscience and whose cause is unjust.

When a man is hunting for something in the dark, he is apt to find a lot of things he isn't looking for.—Chicago News.

MECHANICAL HAY LOADER.

Machine Which Should Prove of Benefit to the Farmer.

In a paper read before the international engineering congress at Glasgow by G. Howard Frost, reported in The Engineering News, there is described, as follows a machine recently invented for loading hay:

Its advantages are many, the principal being perhaps that by its use hay is often secured when ready for the stack that might otherwise be ruined by the weather. When the hay has been turned and thoroughly dried, it must be collected without loss of time, and the farmer often works far into the night rather than take the chances of losing his crop before morning. Further, the loading of the hay on the wagon is the most laborious part of haymaking. With the loader it is possible for three men to place a ton of hay on a wagon in five minutes, while it would require the same men fully fifteen minutes to do the work by hand.

The machine is attached to the rear of the wagon and operated by the same team that draws the load, adding but slightly to the draft. The driving power comes from the wheels through a ratchet and pawl in the hubs which may be thrown on and off at will. These drive a cylindrical cage revolving on the axle and carrying six rows of curved teeth which pick up the hay and deposit it on an elevating screen whose driving roller is the revolving cylinder. It is then carried to the top of the loader, whence it falls on the wagon, where it is put in position by hand labor.

The angle of elevation is automatically adjusted as the height of the load on the wagon increases. An upright frame supports several long wood slats which rest on the ascending hay to prevent its being carried away by wind or falling over the sides.

New Steam Generator.

There is a tendency among constructors to increase steam boiler pressure in order to allow the use of smaller cylinders. French locomotive boilers already carry from sixteen to eighteen kilograms (thirty-five to thirty-nine pounds) ordinarily. This powerful generator, constructed by M. Serpollet, is made of cast steel fused at 1,800 degrees C. Within it is an arrangement of noncylindrical tubes in which instantaneous vaporization is effected without danger of escape up to a pressure of 80 kilograms (176 pounds). The apparatus placed in the firebox constitutes a sort of blower, allowing great facility to the fire draft. On account of its heavy construction it offers ample resistance to the pressure.

Zinc in New South Wales.

Zinc ores are distributed widely over New South Wales. There have been received at the department of mines in Sydney specimens of ore from ninety six different localities. There are several combinations of this ore among these specimens. Red oxide of zinc contains 80.3 per cent of zinc. The carbonate of zinc contains 52 per cent of zinc in combination with silver and zinc blende. Sulphide of zinc, containing 67 per cent of zinc when pure, also often contains iron and sometimes cadmium.

The odor of minerals. Gold and platinum have little or no odor, but the smell of newly cut tin and of other metals is very pronounced. It is suggested that uranium furnishes a clew to the odors of metals, as this is a very strong smelling substance, and it is always giving off the so called Becquerel rays, consisting of streams of minute corpuscles.

To Explode Dynamite With Safety.

According to United States Consul Brunot at St. Etienne, France, a local inventor named Aubert has produced a successful apparatus for exploding dynamite with safety in coal mines where gas is present in dangerous volume without the use of electricity, the installation of which is always costly and subject to disarrangement. The instrument seems to cover the exposed end of the safety fuse, to fire it and to receive all flame and sparks thrown off without allowing any communication with the atmosphere.

Making Artificial Diamonds.

By his new method Dr. A. Ludwig of Bernberg, Germany, heats graphite electrically between metal pole pieces in an atmosphere of greatly compressed hydrogen gas and claims that the process gives an almost complete conversion of the highly heated carbon into diamonds. He declares he has made possible a continuous production of large, compact masses of diamond at moderate cost. The metallic poles are claimed as essential to success.

The Smell Limit.

M. Rortholot, the French chemist, has been trying to find what is the smallest weight of an odoriferous substance that can excite the nerves of smell in a human being. By repeated dilutions he found that even such an unimaginal quantity as three-eighths of a milliliter of a grain of iodoforn would produce the characteristic smell, and musk was many times stronger still.

Shooting Away Frost.

French viticulturists are planning to try the firing of cannon horizontally over the ground on the approach of frost, a strip of vineyard 500 feet wide having been thus saved from damage when vines on both sides were badly injured.



EASILY SUITED.

But Not From the List of Dishes the Stiff Waiter Suggested.

His clothes were not of the latest cut, his hat had come from last year, and he wore his broad wrinkled brow with a bright bandanna handkerchief as he entered a restaurant of good pretensions. Inside the door he hesitated, and a watchful attendant with a dignified wave of his hand motioned him toward a vacant table. With a slight bow he followed the indicated direction and was received at the table by a stiff looking waiter, who took his hat and faded umbrella, not rolled very smoothly.

As the old man seated himself the stiff waiter faced the watchful attendant, and a smile went from one to the other. The old man used the bandanna handkerchief again as his brass bowed spectacles eyes wandered over the four pages of the menu and returned again to the top of the first one.

"The stiff waiter unbended a little and leaned with one hand on the table. As a few seconds passed he unbended still more and leaned with both hands on the table.

"We have fine corned beef and cabbage," he said in a low voice, "and corned beef hash. The country sausages are very nice. We can give you ham and eggs in a couple of minutes."

The old man continued to examine the menu.

"Very fine roast beef, lamb and pork," continued the waiter; "nice mutton chops too. You might start with vegetable soup."

The old man turned over the menu. "All kinds of pies—bent pumpkin," said the waiter as he bent lower; "beer or ale or light wines if you care for them."

The old gentleman laid down the menu, took off his glasses, straightened up and looked at the waiter. The waiter took his hands from the table.

"Does this menu give the things you have mentioned?" asked the patron.

"Certainly, sir," answered the waiter as he assumed his original stiff position.

"Then why do you repeat them to me?" "I thought—"

"Don't do it again. Thought isn't becoming to you. I will have consommé royale, broiled pompano, fleur-de-lis sauce; os du menuir grille, macaroni a la Niennne, venison steak, vanilla soufflé fritters, Chateau Margaux, cafe noir."

As the stiff waiter turned and looked at the watchful attendant neither smiled.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE VALUE OF POKER.

How Walter G. Gresham Got His First Federal Appointment.

Poker has its victories no less renowned than penmanship. It not only has won fortunes, but positions as well. Many a man owes his success in business to his character as read by an opponent in a game of draw, says the New York Press.

There is a banner in New York that acknowledges that poker made him. When a young man he had the good fortune to meet a man with three railroad officials and a rich merchant, being invited merely to make a fifth hand, as the four did not care to "cut each other's throats." On his account the limit was made small.

So well did he play his hand that he gained the respect, friendship and admiration of the old merchant, who forthwith became his patron. With such assistance his road to fortune was easy.

Three presidents of the United States had a strong liking for Walter G. Gresham because he was the best poker player of their acquaintance. When Indiana demanded the appointment of a United States district judge in 1890, Senator Morton appealed to General Grant in behalf of a man whom he desired to have the office. Grant asked: "What has become of young Gresham? He was a colonel of the Fifth-Ohio Infantry, as I remember?" He was with me at Vicksburg," "Oh, he is practicing law in Indianapolis," said Morton indifferently.

"Well," continued the president, "I used to play poker with him in the war and took quite a liking to him. He was a mighty good, cool player, and I believe he will make a good judge. So if you don't care I'll appoint him to this place." Thus Gresham got his first federal appointment.

Gresham's good play as much as his brilliant statesmanship made him a big man in the estimation of Arthur and Cleveland. The former appointed him to no less than three offices—postmaster general, secretary of the treasury and district judge. Cleveland made him secretary of state notwithstanding his former stout Republicanism. Arthur disliked to appoint him district judge, as it took him away from Washington and the White House gatherings.

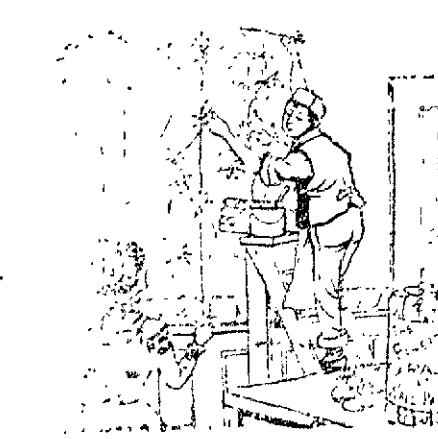
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THE HERALD.
TUESDAY, NOV. 12, 1901.

CITY BRIEFS.

Winter begins by schedule time December 21st.

Who repairs your shoes? John Mott 31 Congress St.

Leavitt's Almanac predicts that November will be a rough and changeable month.

Arrived Monday, barge Drifton from Perth Amboy with 1173 tons coal for J. A. & N. W. Walker.

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggists.

The High school senior class is to have the Dartmouth musical club for a benefit the latter part of December.

Dyspepsia—bane of human existence Burdock Blood Bitters cures it promptly, permanently. Regulates and tones the stomach.

The regular meeting of Kearsarge lodge, N. E. O. P., was held Monday evening and several candidates were initiated.

Music Lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo. R. L. Reinwald Raudmester U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

The Portsmouth Country club is to have a golf tournament at its links on Thanksgiving day, and a big time is being planned by the management.

The inspection of Storer Hotel corps takes place at G. A. R. hall on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Ida Montgomery of Lynn, Mass., is to be a participant.

The funeral of Joseph Thibodeau will take place in this city on Wednesday. The body will be placed in the receiving tomb of Undertaker H. W. Nelsonson.

The Junior Epworth league of the Methodist church held its monthly business meeting at the parsonage on Court street Monday afternoon at four o'clock.

There are a terrible torment to the little girls, and to some older ones. Eczema cured. Dean's Ointment never fails. Instant relief, permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

There will be a children's concert at the Pearl street church on Wednesday evening at seven o'clock. Those who have contributed may leave the same at Patten's Bros.

Miss Isabel C. Wingate has recently donated to the New Hampshire Historical society with three marriage licenses issued by Gov. Bennett Wentworth between 1741 and 1770.

The new clock for the south ward room in ward four has arrived, and will be shortly put in the tower of the ward room. Alderman J. M. Vaughan has charge of the clock.

The board of managers of the Home for Aged Women will hold its monthly meeting at the home on Dox street this (Tuesday) afternoon at three o'clock. A good attendance is hoped for.

One of the members of the School Street Methodist church, Saco, recently presented the pastor, Rev. J. T. Crosby, with a mounted cane made of wood from the Spanish cruiser, Reina Mercedes, now at the Portsmouth, N. H., navy yard. Biddford Journal.

DOVER SQUEALS.

The Maplewood Athletic club which was to have met the Dover Athletic club in a football contest here next Saturday, has received word from the manager of the Dover team that it cannot play here as the upriver team is to play with an eleven from East Rochester on that date. The date between the Portsmouth and Dover was decided on early in the season, and it is rather a pity that on the part of the Dover club to back out at this late time.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

POLICE NEWS.

John Tracy, an old offender, and who is continually giving the police trouble, was brought in on Monday evening for drunkenness. Tracy faced the court a short time ago on a similar charge. He will be arraigned before the court again this afternoon.

SPECIAL MEETING POSTPONED.

The special meeting of the Haverhill, Phoenix and Newton and Portsmouth and Exeter street railways called Monday to authorize ninety-nine year leases to the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury road were postponed until Wednesday afternoon. A meeting of the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury company will also be held Wednesday to approve the leases.

PERSONAL NEWS AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Charles H. Parker of Boston, passed Saturday in this city.

Fred H. Ward has returned from a business trip to Boston and vicinity.

Edgar D. Stoddard has gone to Buffalo and Chicago on a business trip.

Mrs. Charles B. Remick and Miss Florence B. Hill passed Monday in Boston.

Herbert Jenkins of Somerville, Mass., passed Sunday in this city with relatives.

Wilder Quint of the Boston Journal, passed Sunday with friends in this city.

The marriage of George Scott and Nora Koefie will occur on the 27th of this month.

Miss Abbie Lane of Hampton, is the guest of Mrs. Richard H. Beacham of State street.

Miss Alice Mildram, teacher at the Farragut school, passed Sunday with relatives in Saco, Me.

John Parrott and family of Dover street, are to take up their residence at Kittery Point.

Miss Hattie Duncan, bookkeeper at McIntosh's furniture store, is enjoying a short vacation.

Mrs. Gookin and daughter Annie, of Greenham, have taken up their residence on State street, for the winter.

John McCarthy of Boston, passed Sunday in this city as the guest of his brother, George McCarthy of Whidden street.

Charles Shedd of the Massachussetts Institute of Technology, passed Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shedd of Granite State avenue.

Lieut. Commander William Winder, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. Michigan, passed Sunday in this city as the guest of his mother, Mrs. Abbie Winder of Islington street.

J. Ellsworth Pinckham, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Pinckham of Kittery, who was with Lieut. Gilmore when captured by the insurgents in the Philippines, has arrived home. His many friends will give him a cordial welcome.

ORGANIZED IN KITTERY.

Howard Mining and Milling company, organized in Kittery, with capital stock of \$100,000, general mining of all kinds of minerals and metals. Promoters: Hiram Thompson, E. L. Chase, F. L. Bangs, Kittery; M. W. Baldwin, Boston; A. E. Knowlton, Malden.

Hance asbestos Mining company, organized in Kittery, with capital stock of \$100,000, to purchase, hold, own and sell any mines, mining rights and land in Arizona or elsewhere. Promoters: M. W. Baldwin, New York; Hiram Thompson, H. L. Palmer, Kittery.

Boston Floor company, organized in Kittery, with capital stock of \$5000, manufacture and sale of floors and floor supplies of all kinds. Promoters: J. B. M. Bigelow, Everett, Mass.; W. A. Jones, Medford; H. A. Jones, West Medford.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Another shipment of granite is expected soon for the dry dock.

Mrs. Swinbourne, wife of Captain W. T. Swinbourne, is quite seriously ill.

The steam launch of the U. S. S. Vinton met with an accident on Sunday.

Chief Clerk Hammond of yards and docks, is enjoying a fifteen days' leave of absence.

Pay Inspector J. A. Mudd, arrived at the yard on Monday to inspect the pay accounts of the yard and the U. S. S. Vinton.

The U. S. S. Raleigh was on Monday moved from her place outside the Spanish ship, where she has been for some time, to the dock near the shears.

FUNERAL OF JUDGE YOUNG.

Madbury, Nov. 12.—The funeral of Judge Jacob D. Young, former judge of probate of Stafford county, was held at his residence at one o'clock yesterday afternoon. The attendance was very large including many members of the Stafford county bar. Rev. Dr. George E. Hall, pastor of the First Parish church of Dover, officiated, assisted by Rev. D. W. Morgan of Burlington. There was a large and beautiful display of floral offerings the interment was in Pine Hill cemetery, Dover. The bearers were Martin V. B. Felker, George B. Haley, William S. Hayea and Charles S. Kinsman.

News on every page of the Herald.

WAS ASLEEP ON TRACKS.

Josiah Burleigh of York Killed at York Corner, Monday Night.

Struck by the Trucks of Car and Life Thus Crushed Out.

His Head on One Rail and His Feet on the Other Rail, Near the Turnout.

Josiah Burleigh, of York, formerly of Rochester a man apparently about fifty-five years of age, was killed on the tracks of the Portsmouth, Kittery and York street railway near the side track at York Corner, at eight minutes after ten o'clock on Monday night. The man was apparently asleep on the tracks, in front of Monton's greenhouse, with his head across one rail and his feet hanging over the other rail.

The wheels of the car did not go over the body, which, instead, was crushed under the trucks of the car, and he was thus ground out. It was nearly noon today when the body was identified.

It was at first supposed to be the body of John Foss, an itinerant musician, but Foss turned up all right this morning, so that the identity of the dead man was not soon established.

The car that struck the man was coming from York Beach and was due at the ferry landing at Badger's Island at 11 o'clock. It was in charge of Conductor G. D. Paul and Motorman C. R. Dutton, both experienced men on the road.

The night was particularly dark at the York end of the line, it was foggy and there was a light snow falling, which melted as fast as it fell and made the highway and tracks a blending of darkness.

The car was on time at the siding and was going at the ordinary rate of speed, when the motorman saw the

IN HANDS OF TRUSTEES.

Property of Meyer Thread Company of Salem, N. H., transferred.

Exeter, Nov. 12.—By an indenture executed Nov. 7, the Meyer Thread company of Salem conveys all its realty, stock in trade, machinery, contracts and property of every description to Samuel L. Powers and Matt B. Jones, both of Newton, Mass., as trustees.

Creditors of the company signing the indenture within 60 days from its date become parties of the third part in its agreements. Creditors who have already signed are Harding, Whitman & Co. and the Arlington mills.

The object of the trust is to manage and convert the company's property into money, and the trustees are empowered to carry on the company's business so long as they deem expedient. The net proceeds are to be applied to the payment of costs of creditors entitled to priority, and the remainder, pro rata, among all the parties of the third part.

On Feb. 15 last the Meyer Thread company, a corporation organized under Maine laws, bought out the Boston Artificial Leather company, a Concord concern, with plant at Salem, \$5,000 being the purchase money, as shown by the stamps on the deed.

PORTSMOUTH KNIGHTS GOING.

Wednesday night, Granite state commandery, Knights of Malta, will receive an official visit from Supreme Commander George S. Jones of Boston. There will also be a large attendance of delegations from the commanderies in Dover, Concord and Portsmouth. The supreme commander will deliver an address on the "Christian Principles of Malta Knight-hood." The blue degree will be worked, after which the evening will be passed in a social manner.

JUDGE YOUNG'S DECISIONS.

Rendered in Cases Before the Superior Court at Portsmouth.

Decisions in the following cases have been rendered by Judge Young in the session of superior court just closed here:

The case of the Portsmouth Milling company, (Sudgen Brothers) against Clifton E. Hall; verdict an accepted order for \$150 owed by plaintiff set aside. S. W. Emery for plaintiff, Adams for defendant.

Same plaintiffs as above against Mrs. Mary A. Langdon. Suit on an order for \$500 purporting to be accepted by defendant. Verdict, the order declared void for fraud. S. W. Emery for plaintiff, Page & Bartlett for defendant.

Same plaintiffs as above against H. W. Nickerson, same kind of a case as above on order of \$200. Verdict, order not good as the plaintiffs, but good as to trustee in bankruptcy on George W. Scawards. S. W. Emery for plaintiffs, Adams for defendant. Kelley for trustee in bankruptcy.

Herbert A. Marden, trustee, against the Portsmouth Milling Company to render void the three orders above named so far as the creditors of the above named estate in bankruptcy is concerned. Verdict, orders declared void. Kelley for plaintiff, S. W. Emery for defendant.

George Egan against Thomas Coyle to recover for board. Verdict for \$120. Page and Bartlett for Egan, S. W. & S. P. Emery for Coyle.

George Egan against Thomas Coyle to make conveyance of one-fourth of a house on Bennett street, for which the plaintiff claimed to have furnished one-fourth of the purchase money. Verdict, conveyance as above ordered. Page and Bartlett for Egan, S. W. Emery and S. P. Emery for Coyle.

Ernest A. Lindstrom against Charles A. Lindstrom, to recover his interest in the bicycle business on Pleasant street. Verdict of \$175 for plaintiff. Page and Bartlett for plaintiff, S. P. Emery for defendant.

NEWFIELDS.

Mrs. Annie E. Goodwin died at her home Sunday morning, after a severe illness of about one month. She had reached the 61th year of her age and had been a resident of the town during the past four years. Before coming here she had been a resident of Cleveland, O., yet her early life was spent here, this being her native town. She is survived by one son who resides in Pennsylvania, and one daughter, who lives in this town. The funeral services will be held at the residence Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Evangelist E. Knight will deliver a temperance lecture at the Congregational church next Sunday evening. Mr. Knight has spent a long time working for the temperance cause in the slums of Boston, and is prepared to give a thrilling and interesting description of his experiences.

George G. Tilton of Portsmouth visited friends in town Saturday.

MONTHLY MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Portsmouth Athletic club was held at the club rooms Monday evening, President Joseph P. Conner presiding.

Three active members were voted in and two associate members transferred to the active list.

It was voted to hold a pool tournament in the near future, the club to offer prizes, and President Conner was empowered to appoint a committee to make the necessary arrangements.

The board of directors in their report, suggested many important changes in the interior arrangements of the club rooms, one of which was to put in new bath rooms and urinals in the basement, and the establishment of a modern kitchen and dining room on the third floor.

The regular monthly meeting night of the club is to be changed from the Monday evening preceding the fifteenth to the Tuesday evening preceding the fifteenth.

OBITUARY.

Apphia Augusta Ball.

Apphia Augusta Ball, widow of Eben W. Ball, died in Jamaica Plain, Mass., on Nov. 10th, at the age of seventy-five years and three months. The funeral services will be held at Union Congregational church, on Columbus avenue, corner of West Ninth street, on Wednesday, Nov. 13th, at 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon. The interment will take place in this city.

DR. JUNKINS INJURED.

Dr. William O. Jenkins was thrown from his carriage on Islington street at eleven o'clock this forenoon and shaken up and rolled in the mud. He was not seriously hurt and was able to be at his office in the afternoon. The cause of the accident was an unmanageable horse, which dashed the carriage against a hydrant.

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